The saddest tears that are ever shed Are the tears that no one ever sees, The unsung songs are the sweetest ones In the world of harmonies!

The longing hope of a silent heart Is the hope that is not expressed, The tenderest clasp the hand might give Is the clasp of a hand-at rest.

Our daily life will bring to the feast The friends that we daily meet, But the absent guest is the very one The heart is longing to greet! -G. H. Turner, in Pathfinder,

A DAY OF MARTYRDOM.



HE Colonel and the young reporter were listening to the whir of an electric fan the other Colonel grew reminiscent.

spindle-shanked, truant-playing prodme out into Southwest Missouri to get braced up. I don't know what was the matter with me, but I was all run down, and my father was convinced before going further that it did.

goodby, away back in New York City, peach to a hungry man. and in due course of time I landed on the farm of my uncle. It was a revelabreezes smelling spicy and sweet, the stood and looked at me while wave cold water from the well, wholesome after wave of hot blushes chased un food in large quantities, horses to ride her white neck and congregated in her and a lovely pool to go swimming in face. I stood simpering like a prize made a new boy of me in a week. | idiot. She began to cry and wouldn't Barring the fact that I was compelled | tell me what was the matter with her, to retire with the rest of the family at | and I, wise in the ignorance of youth, 9 o'clock at night and get up at an didn't know that, like all women, she hour in the morning when the dew on was proud, and ashamed to be seen the grass felt to my bear feet like ice with me, because of the splendor of water, that farm was heaven. It was my raiment. I jollied her along, told two heavens when I got acquainted with Melvina Drake.

fourteenth child of a farmer living my praise of her that she consented about two miles nearer town than my finally to go with me if I'd let her go uncle. Her father, Solomen Drake, home and fix up a bit. Still, I didn't was the poorest man in the county. He was poorer than watered butter- her go. milk, but the nicest, mildest man- "I laid down in the shade of a tree had some kind of a hoodoo on them. They were old residents in that part of the country, and their ancestors had been there before them, but as far back as the memory of man could excouldn't draw anything but flies.

"As I was saying, Melvina was brood, and she was a dream. I guess speechless. she was about sixteen years, big and sweet and healthy. Her cheeks were as rosy and clear as a Missouri apple, hope I may die if it didn't use to embarrass me like thunder.

ever developed in this whole State of a bass-drum. Missouri. If I saw one of my cousins would go to some secladed spot and togged out in 'store clothes' and lookand dream myself a hero. I used to ing a muff that must have weighed road on a fiery steed, with certain an ice-house, was maddening. But the operation a broken leg and sundry other braises. Then I'd imagine Melvina nursing me back to life, and finally marrying me. My head was full | made the best of it and let it go. of such stuff.

"One day, along in June, there circus bills, paste pots and bill stickas he was about to grab her, and and I endured more agony until

used to see her every day, in fact, I walked home in the moonlight all came pretty near being with her all right, but we didn't 'hold hands,' the time-I asked her if she'd go to partly because Melvina had her hands the circus. I thought she'd faint, in the muff and partly because I was Her eyes opened wide, and so did her so dad blamed mad at her that I could mouth, and astonishment was engraved have slapped her. They made it so on every line of her countenance. She hot for me when I got ho e to my was so overcome with joy that she just | uncle's with their remarks about Meisat down and cried. I sat down, too, vina's muff that I started nome the and that was the first time I ever next day. I don't know whatever bekissed her. Young man, that kiss is came of Melvina Drake, but I do know a sacred memory with me. I have that I suffered one day, for her sake, experienced a good many sensations the keenest martyrdom."-st. Louis in my time, but the sensation of kissing a handsome, buxom Southwest Miscouri girl right square on the soft, sweet lips, while the tears from her heavenly eyes are running down and best pace, nor can it maintain this making pearly drops on your budding pace over two hours. Its usual speed Morgan Line Steamships Withdrawn. mustache, is something better than all is about five miles an hour-a slow, of them put together. And when, lounging pace, beyond which it is from B. B. Seal, United States consulike Melvina, she puts her brown, bare dangerous, with nine camels out of arms around your neck and kisses ten, to arge them, or else, as Asiatics back-words are superfluous.

around and I got ready for the circus. | delphia Ledger. I might explain here that I had brought a suit of store clothes and a | Captain George W. Couch, of the pair of shoes from the East with me, steamer Old Dominion, has held his but I had never worn the clothes on commission for forty-nine years.

the farm and seldom wore the shoes. Everybody down in that section went barefooted, boys and men, and I did as the Romans did. This Fourth of July morning I put on a 'biled shirt,' my 'store'clothes,' my shoes and socks, and I brushed and cleaned myself until I was positively uncomfortable. After breakfast, followed by the goolnatured but cutting 'joshing' of my relatives, I started down the road to meet Melvina. I had arranged with her to walk to town, figuring on the walk back in the moonlight, when we could 'hold hands' as we strolled along the road. My uncle wanted us to go in the wagon with him and his family, but I was too wise.

"It was two miles to the Drake cabin, and four miles to town. I was to meet Melvina at the turn in the road just below her father's house. The sun was about two hours high and cast long shadows on the ground as I night when the trudged along to the trysting place.

"I remember I took out my knife and cut a stout stick from a hedge "Away before along the roadside in anticipation of the war, "remarked a possible brush with the lion. The the Colonel, mus- air was heavy with the sweet smell of ingly, "when I was orchards, ripening grain and newjust sprouting my first whisker-a mown hay, and I was the happiest youth in Missouri. I made up my not of the effete East-my father sent | mind I was going to spend every cent I possessed on Melvina.

"Directly I came to where she was. She had on a dress that couldn't have cost more than a quarter, but she that a season on the Missouri farm of looked like a queen in it, although, I my uncle would prove beneficial alike must confess, it fit her like it was cut to my mind and body. I might say out with a pair of skates. A widebrimmed hat sat jauntly on her brown "I bade my mother a sorrowful curls and her face looked like a ripe

"I had calculated on making a hit with Melvina with my store clothes, The verdure-clad hills, the and I did. I paralyzed her. She just her how nice and sweet she looked, swore she would be the belle of the "Melvina Drake was about the circus, and was generally so lavish in know what was the matter, but I let

old man you ever saw. His on the grass to wait for her. The sun wife was a skinny, sallow looking, climbed higher and wagons loaded overworked woman, with no pleasure | with country people rattled by on the in store for her but death. Both were | way to the circus. I had just figured hard-working and honest, but they out that we would miss the parade and grand free exhibition outside the big tent if Melvins didn't hurry when she hove in view. I looked at her a second and then jumped in the air so suddenly I jarred myself. If my raiment hal tend the Drakes had always been poor paralyzed Melvina she got even all as my uncle said-'pore as shucks,' right. She had placed a cheap rib-About all the Drakes seemed fitted for | bon around her neck and spoiled the was getting hold of horses that beauty of it and had covered her pretty feet with a pair of shapeless, harl, heavy, cowhide shoes. But she had about the fourteenth of the Drake something else on that knocked me

"Years and years had this crowning feature of Melvina's attire been in the Drake family. It was an heirloom, I and her eyes were big and blue. And guess, and the only piece of finery the she was so dog-gone innocent that I family possessed. Melvina, blushing and simpering-hardly knowing whether I would sufficiently admire it "Consequence was, I got 'mashed' or not—was wearing it, regulation on Melvina; hard 'mashed.' I don't fashion. It was an old-fashioned muff, believe a stronger case of calf love of some heavy black fur and as big as

"Perspiration broke out of every or any other boy talking to her I pore in my body. The idea of me, ory and but my soft noddle against a ing like a dude, going to a circus on tree. At pight I used to lay awake the Fourth of July with a girl carryimagine Melvina tearing down the eight pounds and would have warmed death staring her in the face, and me Melvina looked so thoroughly selfcoming up unexpectedly, stopping the satisfied that I hadn't the heart to tell horse and rescuing her, sustaining in her that the sweet simplicity of dress she wore when she first met me was more becoming by far than the big cowhide boots and the muff. So I

"I am an old man now, but the

memory of the attention I created in ame out our way a wagon loaded with that little country town that day is vivid in my mind. The circus wasn't ers, and they slathered the country in it. A number of times I was tempt side with signs announcing the great ed to run away, miles and miles, out Egypto-Africano Circus and Menage- Melvina was having such a good time ries was to show in town on the Fourth | that I looked pleasant and stood it. of July. When I left home my father | She never took her hands out of that gave me \$10, and I had most of it left. | muff all day, only to eat and drink, made up my mind that I would take and several times she asked me to hold Melvina to the circus, and directly my it for her while she fixed up her hair dreams at night took the form of a or tied her shoe or something. One monster lion rushing at her with open | time, while I was holding the muff, ! mouth and me engaging the lion just lost her for a few minutes in the crowd. chocking him to death with one hand. found her again than I did when I got "The next time I saw Melvina-I shot through the leg in the war. We Republic.

The Camel's Pace.

Seven miles an hour is the camei's say, they "break their hearts," and

CAPITAL NOTES.

GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON IN BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

Doings of the Chiefs and Heads of the Various Departments.

Captain William L. Merry, consul general of Nicaragua to the western states and territories of the United States, states that he has just received intimation that the commission appointed by President Cleveland to ex amine into the Nicaraguan canal project intends to make a favorable report to the president on November

The British ambassador Sir Julian Pauncefote authorizes an unqualified denial of the published statement that he called at the state department on a mission of great importance, and that he informed Secretary Olney that in view of the interpretation which the country places on the Monroe doctrine in connection with the Venezuelan dispute, Great Britain would ask for delay in preparing its reply and submitting it to this government.

Attorney General Harmon has tele graphed H. E. Latham, United States marshal for Delaware, to return to the owners the arms and ammunition found upon the tug Taurus, which was seized about September 1st near Wilmington, Del., for intended violation of the neutrality laws of the United States. Some thirty men were found on board, and the men and the tag were the subject of a trial at Wil mington, and the men were acquitted and the tug released. The arms and ammunition aboard have since been in the custody of the United States marshal. The action of the attorney general closes the incident.

Mora Has His Mon y at Last. After more than's score of years waiting, Antoinio Maxima Mora received Friday through representatives payment for the confiscation of his Cuban estate. The payment was made directly to Dr. Rodriguez and Crammond hennedy, attorneys for Mr. Mora, in the form of a check signed by Mr. Olney, drawn on the assistant treasurer of the United States at New York. The amount of the check was \$594. 809.76, which represents Mr. Mora's interest in the indemnity secured from, Spain, minus his assignments of 40 per cent to Dr. Rodriguez and Mr. Nathaniel Paige, his principal legal rep resentatives, and minor assignments made to other persons.

Fayors the Canal Project. It is understool in Washington that the report of the engineer commission. which visited Niparagua last summer, will favor the construction of an in ter-oceanic canal, but that it will not recommend the entire route already surveyed and upon which it is claimed that work costing in the aggregate several millions of dollars has been performed. It is also believed that the commissioners will fix the cost of the canal at much greater sum than that estimated by the Maritime Canal Company, whose charter it is proposed that the government shall purchase. It is expected that the commissioners' report will claim that the waterway cannot be built and the harbors on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts be placed in proper condition for a sum much less than \$100,000,000.

Carlisle to Speak.

Secretary Carlisle has accepted an invitation to attend the annual dinner of the New York chamber of commerce November 18th next. Mr. Carlisle will deliver the principal address. It will be on the administration's financial policy. He declined to accept an invitation to deliver an address at the Tammany hall ratification meeting in New York, October 22d, as on that day he would be en route with the president to the Atlanta exposition. He has also declined an invitation to address the labor union organizations at Chicago, Ill., on December 10th, on the subject of sound money. Mr. Carlisle states that about that time congress will assemble and his presence in Washington will be necessary. He intimates that he may find an opportunity to deliver an address before the labor organizations of Chicago on the

To Be Investigated.

J. F. Parkhurst, counse! for Morris Rothschild, of Bath, N. Y., has received word from Secretary Olney that instructions had been given to the United States ambassador to Germany to lay the Rothschild case before the imperial government at Berlin. Mr. Rothschild left the United States in Orders Placed for Ten Late Improved May for Germany to visit his father, taking with him his naturalization papers and the regular United States passport, signed by Secretary Gresham. Shortly after his arrival he was arrested and imprisoned as a deserter from the German army. After two days in jail he was brought before the military court and allowed to pay a fine of \$75 and give bail pending a decision of the matter by the military officials at Berlin. He did not wait for a decision, but left Germany. Later the German authorities remitted his proposed imprisonment of six weeks, but retained in the German army.

The state department has received lar agent at Bluefields, Nicaragua, a report relative to the withdrawal of the Morgan Line steamships from that field. "Finally the glorious Fourth came die "literally" on the spot .- Paula port which shows that the Morgan company was not satisfied with its treatment by the Nicaraguan governagent of the company at Blue- improving, and each day brings re- and another thong, and another thong, about \$45,000,000. Barnato was formerly a fields that after the company newed hopes of his ultimate recovery.

had rendered a prompt steam service between Bluefields and New Oreans for eight years, and after having contributed so liberally to the development of trade and improvement of the country, the government of Nicaragua had manifested a want of appreciation of its efforts, and that in view of the company's losses on fruit during the past year, the company thought it best to withdraw its ships and seek service where it can secure greater encouragement and have the prospect of adequate remuneration for service rendered.

ONE WAS LYNCHED

ALTHOUGH RECOMMENDED TO THE MERCY OF THE COURT.

Jury's Verdict Unsatisfactory and Mob Does the Work.

The Hampton, S. C., Guardian, in an extra edition issued at 10 o'clock Thursday night, gives the following account of the trial, conviction and lynching of one of the four negroes who so brutally murdered Mr. E. R. Mears on August 9th for the purpose of robbery:

"Court convened this morning at 2:30 o'clock. Judge Buchanan presided. The case against William Blake, Sr., Jason Blake, Prince Graves and William Frazer for the murder of Mr. Raymond Mears was taken up. About fifteen witnesses were examined and a strong case was made out against the

"The testimony of Frazer, Jason, Blake and Graves was sufficient to satisfy all who heard them that they were a cold-blooded set of murderers, and that they went to Mr. Raymond Mear's house on the night of August 9th for the purpose of murder and robbery. William Blake, Sr., dented any part in the crime, but it was very plain that he was lying. The gold watch and pocketbook of the murdered man which were found in his possession were against him.

"Mr. W. H. Townsend, the acting solicitor, was assisted by Major W. S. Tillinghast. The prisoners had no counsel and the judge appointed Messrs. Youmans and Hamilton. After argument by counsel and the charge of Judge Buchanan, the jury retired. They were in the room twenty-two minutes, and on their return Clerk | Causey read the verdict of 'guilty' and recommending William Blake to the mercy of the court.

"The judge ordered Prince Graves, Jason Blake and William Frazer to stand up, and they were sentenced to be hanged within the walls of the county jail on Friday, December 6th. William Blake, Sr., was then directed to stand up, and he was sentenced to the penitentiary for the rest of his natural days. All was quiet in the courtroom, but several murature of disapproval were heard and it was evident that the recommendation of mercy of Wm. Blake, Sr., was not approved. The convicted murderers were then handcuffed and the sheriff and his constables proceeded to the jail. Court then adjourned, the hour being 7:30 o'clock. Judge Buchanan, the solicitor, and several of the attorneys had reached the street, when Sheriff McTeer was seen to hurriedly push through the crowd and ask for the solicitor. In a few words the sheriff said that himself and his constables had been overpow ered and he, himself, had been picked up bodily by several men and carried several hundred yards. Wm. Blake, Sr., and William Frazer, who were handcuffed together, were forced from the custody of the constables and taken off in the woods. The sheriff, after giving this information, returned to the jail, and it was then ascertained that the handcuffs had been loosened in some way and Frazer, who was linked to old man Blake, had been returned to the custody of the

"The crowd, numbering about fifty men, proceeded to a dense piece of woods about half a mile from the courthouse and swung Wm. Blake, Sr., to a pine tree.

Trial Justice Murdangis, acting coroner, had the body cut down and brought to the courthouse square, where a jury was impaneled and an inquest held. The verdict of the jury was that Blake came to his death from the effects of a gun-shot wound, the ball passing through the heart, the party or parties being unknown to the

VENEZUELA WILL RESIST.

Maxim Guns.

That the Venezuelan question is approaching an acute stage, with possibilities of resistance by the South American government to British aggression, was signified by disclosures made in New York Sunday on the best authority. The government of Venezuela is providing itself with modern armament, and among other supplies has ordered ten improved Maxim guns from the British firm which manufactures them. The order was not placed through any Venezuelan firm, and the English the fine, thus asserting their claim, house, it is supposed, does not know upon a United States citizen to serve the destination of the goods. At the States capitalists which has secured in obedience to the true God. You know as doves to the window! All the air is filled ! same time the syndicate of United concessions on the Venezuelan gold that victims for sacrifice were always bound, with the liquid chine: Come! Come! lands claimed by great Britain is preparing to send large forces of pros-

Colonel Kell Improving.

The physicians attendant upon Ad-

THE NOTED DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "An Angelic Rescue."

TEXT: "Behold the fire and the wood,

but where is the lamb?"-Genesis xxli., 7. Here are Abraham and Isaac, the one a kind, old, gracious, affectionate father, the other a brave, obedient, religious son. From his bronzed appearance you can tell that this son has been much in the fields, and from his shaggy dress you know that he has been watching the herds. The mountain air has painted his cheek rubicund. He is twenty or twenty-five or, as some suppose, thirty-three years of age, nevertheless a boy, considering the length of life to which people lived in those times and the fact that a son never is anything but a boy to a father. I remember that my father used to come into the house when the children were home on some festal occasion and say, "Where are the boys?" although "the boys" were twenty-five and thirty and thirty-five years of age. So this Isaac is only a boy to Abraham, and this father's heart is in him. It is Isaac here and Isaac there. If there is any festivity around the father's tent, Isaac must enjoy it. It is Isaac's walk, and Isaac's apparel, and manners, and Isaac's prospects, and Isaac's prosperity. The father's heartstrings are all wrapped around that boy and wrapped again, until nine-tenths of the old man's life is in Isaac. I can just imagine how lovingly and proudly he looked at his only

Well, the dear old man had borne a great deal of trouble, and it had left its mark upon him. In hieroglyphics of wrinkle the story was written from forehead to chin. But now his trouble seems all gone, and we are glad that he is very soon to rest forever. If the old man shall get decrepit, Isaac is strong enough to wait on him. If the father get dim of eyesight, Isaac will lead him by the hand. If the father become destitute Isaac will carn him bread. How glad we are that the ship that has been in such a stormy sea is coming at last into the harbor. Are you not rejoiced that glorious old Abraham is through with his troubles? No, no! A thunderbolt! From that clear eastern sky there drops into that father's tent a voice with an announcement enough to turn black hair white and to stun the patriarch into Instant annihilation. God said, "Abraham!" The old man answered, "Here I am," God said to him: "Take thy son, thy only son Isanc, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah and offer him there as a burnt offering." In other words, slay him; cut his body into fragments; put the fragments on wood; set fire to the wood and let Isaac's body be consumed to ashes.

"Cannibalism! Murder!" says some one. "Not so," said Abraham. I hear him soliloquize: "Here is the boy on whom I have depended! Oh, how I loved him! He was given in answer to prayer, and now must I surrender him? O Isaac, my son! Isaac, how shall I part with you? But then it is always who have three and four sons. This is my safer to do as God asks me to. I have been only son. This is my Isaac. Lord, you in dark places before, and God got me out. | won't take him away from me, will You?" I will implicitly do as God has told me, But I saw he was getting worse and worse although it is very dark. I can't see my all the time, and I turned round and prayer way, but I know God makes no mistakes, until after awhile I felt submissive, and I and to Him I commit myself and my darling could say, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done!' The

Early in the morning there is a stir around Abraham's tent. A beast of burden is fed | we had made the grave clothes, and we were and saddled. Abraham makes no disclosure | whispering about the last exercises, when I of the awful secret. At the break of day he says: "Come, come, Isaac, get up! We are brow, showing that the fever had broken, going off on a two or three days' journey." I hear the ax hewing and splitting amid the wood until the sticks are made the right length and the right thickness, and then they are fastened on the beast of burden. They pass or. There are four of them-Abraham, the father; Isaar, the son, and two servants. Going along the road I see Isaac looking up into his father's face and saying: "Father, what is the matter? Are you not well? Has anything happened? Are you tired? Lean on my arm." Then, turning around to the servants, the son says, "Ah, father is getting old, and he has had

trouble enough in other days to kill him!" The third morning has come, and it is the day of the tragedy. The two servants are left with the beast of burden, while Abraham and his son Isaac, as was the custom of good people in those times, went up on the hill to sacrifice to the Lord. The wood is taken off the beast's back and put on Isaac's back. Abraham has in one hand a pan of coals or a lamp and in the other a sharp, keen knife. Here are all the appliances for sarrifice, you say. No, there is one thing wanting. There is no victim-no pigeon or heifer cr lamb. Isaac, not knowing that he is to be the victim, looks up into his father's face and asks a question which must have cut the old man to the bone, "My father!" The father said, "My son. Isaac, here I am." The son said, "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?" The father's lip quivered, and his heart fainted, and his knees knocked together, and his entire body, mind and soul shiver in sickening anguish as he struggles to gain equipoise, for he does not want to break down. And then he looks into his son's face with a thousand rushing tendernesses and says, "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb. The twain are now at the foot of the 'hill.

the place which is to be famous for a most transcen lent occurrence. They gather some stones out of the field and build an altar of three or four feet high. Then they take this wood off Isaac's back and sprinkle it over the stones, so as to help and invite the flame. The altar is done-it is all done. Isaac has helped to build it. With his father he has discussed whether the top of the table is that cried "Step!" and no hand arrested it. even and whether the wood is properly pre-pared. Then there is a pause. The son through nerve and artery until the blood ooks around to see if there is not some living animal that can be caught and butchered for the offering. Abraham tries to choke down his fatherly feelings and suppress his grief in order that he may break to his son the terrific news that he is to be the victim. Ah, isaac never looked more beautiful than on that day to his father. As the old man ran his emaciate i fingers through his son's hair he said to himself: "How shall I give him up? What will his mother say when I come back without my boy? I thought he would have been the comfort of my declining days. I thought he would have been the hope of ages to come. Beautiful and loving, and yet to die under my own hand. O God, is there not some other sacrifice that will do? Take my life and spare his! Pour out my blood and save saac for his mother and the world!" But

this was an inward struggle. The father controls his feelings and looks into his son's face and says, "Isaac, must I tell you all?"
His son said: "Yes, father; I thought you had something on your mind. Tell it." The father said. "My son, Isaac, thou art the lamb!" "Ob." you say, "why didn't that young man, if he was twenty or thirty years of age, smite into the dust his infirm father? He could have done it." Ab, Isaac knew by this time that the scene was typical of a Messiah who was to come, and so he made no struggle. They fell on each other's necks and wailed out the parting. Awful and matchless scene of the wilderness! The rocks echo back the breaking of their hearts. the birds begin to come there, and when the ne cry, "My son, my son!" The answer, "My father, my father!" Do not compare this, as some people have, Christ comes out to feed thy soul to-day.

to Agamemnon willing to offer up his The more hungry you feel yourselves to be daughter, Iphigenia, to please the gods. the better it is. It is noon, and the gospel so that they might not strugg e away. Raw- Come! lings, the marryr, when he was dying for Christ's sake, said to the blacksmith who pectors, miners and wormen into the bed the manacles, "Fasten those chains

LV. DR. TALMAGE, ready to be put under the brushwood of the altar. There is the kuife, sharp and keen. Abraham—struggling with his mortal feelings on the one side and the commands of God on the other—takes that knife, rule the flat of it on the palm of his hand, cries to God for help, comes up to the side of the altar, puts a parting kiss on the brow of his boy, takes a message from him for mother and home, and then lifting the git-tering weapon for the plunge of the death stroke-his muscles knitting for the workthe hand begins to descend. It fa'ls! Not on the heart of Isaac, but on the arm of God, who arrests the stroke, making the wilderness quake with the cry, "Abraham, Abraham, lay not thy hand upon the lad, nor do him any harm!"

What is this sound back in the woods? "It is a crackling as of tree branches, a bleating and a struggle. 'Go, Abraham, and see what it is. Oh, it was a ram that, going through the woods, has its crooked horns fastened and entangled in the brushwood and could not get loose, and Abraham seizes it gladly and quickly unloosens Isaac from the altar. puts the ram on his place, sets the lamp under the brushwood of the altar, and as the dense smoke of the sacrifice begins to rise the blood rolls down the sides of the altar and drops hissing into the fire, and I hear the words, "Behold the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world." Well. what are you going to get out of

this? There is an aged minister of the gospel. He says: "I should get out of it that when God tells you to do a thing, whether if seems reasonable to you or not, go ahead and do it. Here Abraham couldn't have been mistaken. God didn't speak so indistinct ly that it was not certain whether he called Sarah or Abimelech or somebody else, but with divine articulation, divine intonation, divine emphasis, he said, 'Abraham!' Abranam rushed blindly ahead to do his duty. knowing that thines would come out right. Likewise do so yourselves. There is a mystery of your life. There is some burden you have to carry. You don't know why God has put it en you. There is some perseen tion, some trial, and you don't know why God allows it. There is a work for you to do, and you have not enough grace, you think, to do it. Do as Abraham did. Advance and do your whole duty. Be willing to give up Isaac, and perhaps you will not have to give up anything. 'Jehovah-jireh'—the Lord will provide." A capital lesson this old minister gives us.

Out yonder in this house is an aged woman, the light of heaven in her face. She is half way through the door. She has her hand on the pearl of the gate. Mother, what would you get out of this subject? "Oh. she says, "I would learn that it is in the last pinch that God comes to the relief. You see the altar was ready, and Isaac was fastened on it, and the knile was lifted, and just at the last moment God broke in and stopped proceedings. So it has been in my life of seventy years. Why, sir, there was a time when the flour was all out of the house, and I set the table at moon and had nothing to put on it, but five minutes of 1 o'clock a loaf of bread came. The Lord will provide. My son was very sick, and I said: 'Dear Lord, you don't mean to take him away from me, do you? Please, Lord, don't take him away. Why, there are neighbors up. And, as was the custom in those times looked and I saw some perspiration on his and he spoke to us so naturally that I knew he was going to get well. He did get well, and my son Isaac, whom I thought was going to be slain and consumed of disease, was loosened from that altar. And, bless your souls, that's been so for seventy years, and if my voice were not so weak, and if I could see better, I could preach to you younger people a sermon, for though I can't see much I can see this whenever you get into a tough place and your heart is breaking, if you will look a little farther into the woods, you will see, caught in the branches, a sub stitute and a deliverance. 'My son, God will provide Himself a lamb.'"

Thank you, mother, for that short sermon. I could preach back to you for a minute or two and say, never do you fear! I wish I had half as good a hope of heaven as you have. Do not fear, mother. Whatever happens, no harm will ever happen to you. I was going up a long flight of stairs and I saw an aged woman, very decrepit and with a cane, creeping on up. | She made but very little progress, and I felt very exuberant, and I said to her, "Why, mother, that is no way to go apstairs," and I threw my arms around her and I carried her up and put her down on the landing at the top of the stairs. She said: "Thank you, thank you. I am very thankful." O mother, when you get through this life's work and you want to go upstairs and rest in the goo place that God has provided for you, you will not have to climb up, you will not have to crawl up painfully. The two arms that were stretched on the cross will be flung around you, and you will be hoisted with a glorious lift beyond all weariness and all struggle. May the God of Abrahain and Isaac be with you until you see the Lamb on the hilltons.

Now, that aged minister has made a sug-

gestion, and tais aged woman has made a

suggestion. I willmake a suggestion: Isaac roing up the hill makes me think of the great sacrifice. Isase, the only son of Abraham. Jesus, the only son of God. On those two "onlys" I build a tearful emphasis 0 Isnae! O Jesus! But this last sacrifice was a more tremendous one. When the knife was lifted over Calvary there was no voice sprayed the faces of the executioners, and the midday sun dropped a veil of cloud over its face because it could not endure the spectacle. O Isaac of Mount Moriah! O Jesus of Mount Ca:vary! Better could God have thrown away into annihilation a thousand worlds than to have sacrified His only Son. It was not one of the ten sons; it was His only Son. If He had not given up Him, you and I would have perished. "God so loved the world that He gave His only-" I stop there, not because I have forgotten the quotation, but because I want to think, God so loved the world that He gave His only begotton Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Great God, break my heart at the thought of that sacrifice. Isaac the only, typical of Jesus the only.

have been told that the cathedral of St. Mark stands in a quarter in the center of the city of Venice, and that when the clock strikes 12 at noon all the birds from the city and the regions round about the city fly to the square and settle down. It came in this wise: A large hearted woman, passing one noonday across the square, saw some birds shivering in the cold, and she scattered some crumbs of bread among them. The next day, at the same hour, she scattered more crumb of bread among them, and so on from year to year until the day of her death. In her will she bequeathed a certain amount of money to keep up the same practice, and now, at the first stroke of the bell at noon clock has struck 12 the square is covered with them. How beautifully suggestive

Richest Man in the World.

Barnato, the originator of the Kaffir boom, tight now, for my flesh may strugg e might- is now estimated to be worth \$50 .000,000, ily." So isaac's arms were fastened, his nearly all of which has been made in South feet are tied. The old man, rallying all his African mining stocks during the past two strength, lifts him on to a pile of wood. years, The nominal capital of his bank was Fastening a thong on one side of the altar, 'originally \$12,000.000 in \$5 shares. They ment. Mr. Seal learned from the jutant General Kell state that he is tens the thong at the other side of the altar, the capital of the bank is now valued at